

Foresters Songbook

STATE COLLEGE OF IOWA.

Words by E. N. Wentworth
Tune, "Believe Me"

State College of Iowa, we give to thee
Our allegiance, the strength of our life:
We'll follow thy mandates endeavoring to be
True sons when engaged in world's strife.
May the mem'ry of joys that now we must leave
And the Triumphs of Cardinal and Gold
Make lighter life's labor and victories won
In thine honor, preceptress, be told.

Brightest star that shall ever illumine our sky
Be our hope, be our strength and our shield;
Though oft'times the dark clouds our bold courage may try,
Alma Mater, thy sons will not yield.
Light our paths, lead us on, make clearer our way;
May thy glory or fame ne'er decline.
OH! Iowa's queen, thou the fairest of all,
Our hearts and our names link with thine.

IOWA STATE COLLEGE MARCHING SONG

Arranged by Miss Rosalind Cook, Music Dept.

Words by E. Don Dixon

Fight, Ames Fight! Fight, Ames Fight!

Fight for Ames with all your might!

For the glory of Old I. S. C.!

Swing along! Sing a song!

With a spirit big and strong!

And our fighters will win victory!

For it's Fight! Fight! Fight!!!

For the good Old I. S. C.!

Winning great glory and fame!

And where'er we go

They will always know

That our fighters are fighting for Ames!

I'D RATHER BE IN AMES.

Music from "Melody Magic," by Homer Huntoon.

Words by Harriet Schleiter

I'd rather be in Ames than in Nebraska;
I'd rather be in Ames than in Cornell;
Northwestern may be fine, but I prefer for mine
My Alma Mater, Ames, every time!
Some folks say that Iowa is the best place --
Such good looking dames!
But of all the places in this world for me,
I'd rather be in Ames.

O SING ME A SONG OF IOWA STATE.

Words and Music by N. O. Plagge
Popularized by A-M-E-S Quartet.

Oh sing me a song of Iowa State,
Of glories yet untold
Of battles fought and victories won
Beneath the Cardinal and Gold.
Nebraska has her numbers,
And Iowa may be fine,
But for your loyal friendship
Give me Old Ames for mine.

Down under the hill, there is a little still,
And the smoke goes curling to the sky.
You can always tell, by the snuffle and the smell,
That there's liquor in the air, close by.
It fills the air with a fragrance rare,
And 'tis only known to a few,
So pucker up your lips and we'll take a little sip of the good
old mountain dew.
Of the good old mountain dew, of the good old mountain dew,
As home we stroll, we'll have anothe bowl, of the good old
mountain dew.

Dancin' in the moonlight, a bright night, summer night in June,
While Darkies are a hummin' and strummin' banjoes to a Dixie
tune.
Soon you'll find 'em dancin' and prancin' round the bales of
cotton
In the evenin' by the moonlight
Down in dear old New Orleans.

On the old Fall River Line,
On the old Fall River Line,
I fell for Susie's line of talk, and Susie fell for mine,
Then we went down to the parson's, and he tied us tight as
twine --
Then I wished, OH! Lord, I'd fell over board, on the old Fall
River Line.

There's a Quaker down in Quaker Town, when I'm around she sighs,
But down in her heart I know, She's not so slow, for Oh, Oh,
those eyes.
Like the waters still, she's very deep, she knows a heap, I've
found.
She's got that meet me later look, and Oh, she knows her book,
That little Quaker down in Quaker town.

I'm on my way to Mandalay, beneath the sheltering palms I long
to stay.

Oh let me live and love for aye, On that island far away.

I'm sentimental for my Oriental, love so sweet and gentle,
That's why

I'm on my way to Mandalay, I've come to say Goodbye!

(Tune: "Yes, We Have No Bananas")

Yes! we wear our pajamas

In winter and springtime and fall,

We've short ones and long ones,

And right ones and wrong ones,

But summer styles beats them all.

'Cause when hot nights get too many,

We don't wear any;

But yes! we wear our pajamas

In winter and springtime and fall.

WHEN THE ORGAN PEELED BANANAS

(Tune: Silver Threads Among the Gold)

When the organ peeled bananas,
Lard was rendered by the choir
And the sexton rang the dish rag,
Someone set the church on fire.
"Holy Smoke" the preacher shouted;
In the rush he lost his hair,
Now his head resembles heaven,
For there is no parting there.

STACK UP THE DISHES.

(Tune: Pack up Your Troubles)

Stack up the dishes on the old camp shelf,
And smile, boys, smile;
While we were eating we enjoyed ourselves,
Smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of washing them,
Its hardly worth the while -- SO--
Stack up the dishes on the old camp shelf
And Smile - Smile - Smile.

LADIES

I've taken my fun where I found it;
I've roved and I've ranged in my time;
I've had my pickin' o' sweethearts,
And four of the lot were prime.
One was a 'arf-cast widow,
And one was a woman at Prone;
One was the wife of a jenadarsais,
And one was a girl at home.

I was a young un at Oogle,
Shy as a maid to begin;
Aggie de Castrer she made me,
An' Aggie was clever as sin.
Older than me, but my first 'un,
Kind of a mother she were,
She taught me the way to promotion and pay,
And I learned about women from 'er.

Then I was ordered to Burmah,
Acting in charge of bazaar,
And I got me a tiny live heathen,
Through buying supplies off her pa
Funny and yellow and faithful
A doll in a teacup she were,
• And we lived on the square like a true married pair,
And I learned about women from 'er.

Then I was shifted to Nemo,
Or I might have been keeping her now;
And I took to a shiny she-devil --
The wife of a nigger at Warsaw.
She taught me the gypsy folks' boley,
Kind of volcano she were--
For she knifed me one night,
'Cause I wished she were white--
And I learned about women from 'er.

Then I came home in a trooper,
Long of a maid of sixteen;
A girl from a convent at Merut,
The straightest I ever have seen,
Love at first sight was her trouble;
She didn't know what it were,
And I wouldn't do such,
'Cause I loved her too much--
An' I learned about women from 'er.

I've taken my fun where I found it,
And now I must pay for my fun;
For the more you have seen o' the others,
The less you will settle to one.
And the end of it's sittin' and thinkin'
And dreaming Hell's fires to see,
So be warned by my lot, as I know you will not--
And learn about women from me.

ALOHA-OE

Proudly swept the rain cloud by the cliff
As on it glided through the trees
Still following with grief the liko
The a hi-hi-le-hua of the vale.

Farewell to thee, farewell to thee,
Thou charming one who dwells among the bowers.
One fond embrace, before we part,
Until we meet again.

SWEET ANGELINE

Sweet Angeline, say you'll be mine.

At night, dear heart, for you I pine.

In all my dreams,

Your fair face seems;

You're the idol of my heart, sweet Angeline.

OLD BILL

O-h- there was an old man named Bill

A-n-d- he lived on the side of the hill.

A-n-d- he hasn't been sober since last October

A-n-d- I don't think he ever will.

IVAN PETROSKEY SKIVAR

There are heroes plenty, *Who fought in the ranks of*
And some known to fame ~~in the ranks that belong to~~ *The Czar*
But by far the most famous was one of the name
Of Ivan Petroskey Skivar.

He could imitate Irving, *He could sing like Caruso*
Tell fortunes by cards, *Both tenor or bass*
And play on the Spanish guitar;
Quite the pride and the boast of the Muscovite host
Was Ivan Petroskey Skivar.

The sons of the Prophet
Are valiant and bold,
And quite ^{accustomed} accustomed to fear,
But by far the most reckless of life and of limb
Was Abdul the bull, bull, Emir.

If you wanted a man
To encourage the van,
Or harrass the foe in the rear,
Or take a redoubt
You would always send out
For Abdul the bull, bull, Emir.

One day young Skivar
Lighted up his cigar
And donned his most truculent sneer,
When he happened by chance to encounter the glance
Of Abdul the bull, bull, Emir.

Said Abdullah, "Young man,
Is existence so drear
That you wish to end up your career?
For Infidel know, you have trod on the toe
Of Abdul the bull, bull, Emir."

"Then take your last look
Upon mountain and brook,
And make your remarks on the war,
For I mean to imply you are going to die,
Mr. Ivan Petroskey Skivar."

Then that brave Mameluke
Drew his flashing chivook,
And shouted, "In Allah ach war,"
And ~~being upon murder bent, he went~~ ^{said)} *With murderous intent he most suddenly went*
For Ivan Petroskey Skivar.

But scarce had his knife
Extinguished his life,
In fact, he was shouting, "Hurrah,"
When he felt himself struck by that crafty Kalmuck
Mr. Ivan Petroskey Skivar.

There's a grave in the land
Where the Blue Danube flows,
And above it in characters clear,
"Oh, stranger, forget not to pray for the soul.
Of Abdul the bull, Emir."

A Muscovite maiden
Her vigil doth keep,
By the light of her true lover's star,
And the name that she murmurs so oft in her sleep
Is Ivan Petroskey Skivar.

HICKORY LIMB

When Heinie waltzed round on his hickory limb,
Hick, hick, hickory limb,
Mary says, Heinie, you waltz on your peg
Almost as well as you did on your leg.
So Heinie waltzed 'round on his hickory limb
Hick, hick, hickory limb.
The crowd all got sore, he made dents on the floor,
With his hick, hick, hickory limb.

THAT'S WHERE MY MONEY GOES

That's where my money goes,
To dress my baby.
I buys her everything,
And keeps her in style,
Well, Well, well,
She's worth her weight in gold;
My coal-black Venus--
Say, boys, that's where my money goes.

THE HAMBURG SHOW

We're going to the Hamburg show,
To see the elephant and the wild kangaroo
And we'll all stick together
In fair and stormy weather
For we're going to see the whole show through.

When we're going boys, etc.

ADIEU

There is a tavern in the town,
In the town,
And there my true love sits him down.
And drinks his wine with laughter free
And never, never thinks of me.

Refrain:

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let this parting grieve thee,
For they tell me that the best of friends must part,
Must part.

Adieu, adieu, kind friends
Adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you,
Stay with you,
So, I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree
And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,
And now my love once true to me
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

Oh, dig my grave wide and deep;
Put tombstones at my head and feet;
And on my breast just carve a turtle dove
To signify I died of love.

ROLL THEM BONES.

Roll them bones, roll them bones,
Roll them on the square.
Roll them on the sidewalks,
The streets, or anywhere;
Roll them in the morning;
Roll them in the night,
We'll roll those bones the whole night long,
While the cops are out of sight.

THE DUMMY DUM LINE

I'll tell you what that Dummy done
He left Ypsilanti at half-past one,
He left Ypsilanti at half-past one,
He never reached Ann Arbor until
the setting of the sun.

Chorus:

On the dummy--on the dummy, dummy line
We'll ride and shine and pay our fine
We'll ride and shine and pay our fine
When riding on the dummy line--
the dummy-dum line.

The conductor swallowed a nickel one day
It drove him crazy, so they say,
I'll tell you what it's all about
He's a nickel in and a nickel out.

Little Willie all dressed in sashes,
Fell on the fire and was burned to ashes
By and by the room grew chilly,
But nobody cared to stir up Willie.

Two little girls all dressed in white,
Tried to go to heaven on a tail of a kite.
The kite string broke and down they fell
Instead of going to heaven,
They went to hell.

Little Willie fell down the elevator,
There they found him six months later;
Held their nose and said "Gee-whiz,
What a spoiled child our Willie is."

RUBINSTEIN

There was a man--named Rubinstein
Hung three red shirts -- out on a line.
A harlem goat -- was feeling fine,
Ate those red shirts -- right off the line.
Now Rubinstein got sore at that,
And tied that goat to a railroad track.

This harlem goat - was doomed to die,
For the express-- was passing by.
He gave three aw-ful groans of pain.
Coughed up those shirts -- and flagged the train.

LEVEE SONG

I had a girl, her name was Grace
The devil take her pretty face,
She led me to the sad disgrace
Of working on the railroad.

Chorus:

I been wukkin' on de railroad
All de live-long day;
I been wukkin' on de railroad
Ter pass de time away.
Doan' yuhhyah de whistle blowin?
Raise up so uhly in de mawn.
Doan' yuh hyah de cap'n shoutin',
"Dinah, blow yo' hawn?"

Dinah, won't you go, Dinah won't you go,
Down on the banks of the O-h-i-o.
Dinah, won't you go, Dinah won't you go,
Down on the O-h-i-o--.

How I love those little yellow gals
How I love those little yellow gals
How I love those little yellow gals
Down on the O-h-i-o.

Sing a song of city life, roll that cotton bale.

Nigger's ne'er so happy as when he's out of jail,
Norfolk fo' its oyster shells,

Boston fo' its beans,

Charleston fo' its rice and cawn,

But fo' niggers New Orleans.

Slide Kelley slide, for Casey's at the bat.

Down went McGinty. Where the hell'd you get that hat?

In the evening by the moonlight &

The best of friends must part

Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart.

CHING CHING A-LING

When I was a student at Casey,
I played on my Spanish guitar,
It was there that I met a young lady,
And soon I became popular.

Ching Ching A-Ling, Ching Ching A-Ling
Fa-la-la-lee.
Sweet were the words that she sang unto me,
Ching Ching a-Ling, Ching Ching-A-Ling
Fa-la-la-lee.
I played on my Spanish guitar.

How do you do, Professor ----,--
How do you do -- how do you do,
Is there anything that we can
Do for you,--do for you?
We'll do anything we can
We'll stick by you to a man
How do you do, Professor ----,--
How do you do.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

I know her and she knows me,
For she lives down in our alley.
They call her La Belle Marie,
But her right name is McNally,
Her French ways are all a bluff,
She's as French as Patty Duff
I wonder where in hell she gets that stuff,
She lives down in our alley.

I know her and she knows me,
For she lives down in our alley;
They call her La Belle Marie,
But her right name is McNally.
Paris hat and Paris clothes;
High-heeled shoes and silken hose,
But why should she turn up her nose,
'Cause she lives down in our alley.

RAGTIME COWBOY JOE

Out in Arizona where the bad men are,
And the only friend to guide you is the evening star,
The roughest, toughest guy by far is the ragtime Cowboy Joe.
He got his name from singing to the cows and sheep,
Every night they say he sings the herds to sleep
In a basso rich and deep, crooning soft and low.

He always sings ragtime music to his cattle
As he swings, as he swings back and forth in his saddle,
On a horse, on a horse, that's a syncopated gaiter.
Such a funny meter to the roll of his repeater.
How they run, how they run, when they hear the fellow's gun.
For the western folks all know
He's a Hi-fluting; heppin', shootin' sun-of-a-gun from Arizona
Ragtime Cowboy, Ragtime Cowboy, Ragtime Cowboy Joe.

THE COW-PUNCHER'S LAMENT

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie."
These words came low and mournfully,
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying cot at the close of day."

Chorus:

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the coyotes howl so mournfully,
And the rattle snakes hiss and the winds blow free.
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie."

Oh, I'd like to be in a mother's care,
That a sister's tear might linger there.
Beware my friends, take warning, pray;
Don't leave your homes for the lone prairie.

By my father's bones let my grave be nigh,
In the old church yard, on the one hillside
Where my friends may come, and weep o'er me.
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

It matters not, so I've oft been told,
Where the body lies; where the heart grows cold
But grant, oh grant, this dying plea,
And bury me not on the lone prairie."

"Oh, bury me not", and his voice fell there,
But they gave no heed to his dying prayer.
In a narrow grave, just six by three,
They buried him there on the lone prairie.

THE MODERN GIRL. (Tune: Old Gray Mare)

The Modern girl she ain't what she used to be
Ain't what she used to be--Ain't what she used to be,
The modern girl she ain't what she used to be,
Many long years ago.

She wears stylish skirts and foxy silk hose
Paints her face and powders her nose,
But she wouldn't change places with the girl and her
Graces of,

Girl and her graces of--Girl and her graces of
But she wouldn't change places with the girl and her graces
of
Many long years ago.

CHAPARRAL SONG

In the land of Dolores where timber is tall,
There are also brush patches thru which you must crawl.
Some species are limber while others are stiff,
But all will fly back at your head with a biff.

Chorus:

Oh, my, gee ain't it fine, to cruise all day long in that
tall yellow pine;

Oh, gee, it ~~ain't very swell~~ ^{is certainly Hell}, to cruise all day long in
that ~~old~~ ^{damned} chaparral.

There's the old Montezuma where there's blue brush and oak,
Chinquapin dusty, - it sure is no joke.

We've wondered which kind is worst 'till we're thin,
At last we've decided it's the kind that you're in.

We might ride the saddle of a ridge, could we stick;
Or we might spear our grub with the fork of a creek,
Or use a river bed to sleep in - use sawdust for mush.
But we can't scrub our teeth on that ~~old~~ ^{damned} side hill brush.

I once met a ranger just outside my door,
Say's he, "Where the hell, sir, have I seen you before".
Says I, "Where'd you live when your home was in hell".
Says he, "On that hill where it's all chaparral".

Now Sunday's for mending the clothes that we rip,
And those that are dirty take a dip in the creek,
But the main job of the day that's pursued by us all,
Is to hunt for the ticks from that ~~old~~ ^{damned} chaparral.

Oh, will she come from the East, where the Broadway breezes
 blow,
Or will she come from the North, from the land of ice and snow,
Or will she come from the heart of the west, there's where
 the sun goes to rest.
Or will she come from the land of cotton, away down south?

Down in jungle town a honeymoon is coming soon,
Then there'll be a serenade for a pretty monkey maid,
And, in jungle land the chimpanzees sing in the trees,
She'll be true to monkey doodle doo, way down in jungle town.

I'd like to be a friend of yours, M---And a little bit more,
I'd like to be a pal of yours, M---And a little bit more,
I'd like to be a little flower growing round your door,
I'd like to give you everything I've got M---and a little bit,
M---and a little bit, M---and a little bit more.

I'd like to have a birch canoe, M---and a little bit more,
I'd like to have a big round moon, M---and a little bit more,
I'd like to have a girl like you, and I won't ask for more,
For I'd have enough to satisfy me, M---and a little bit,
M---and a little bit, M---and a little bit more.

I'd like to buy you a house and lot, M---and a little bit more,
I'd like to buy your shoes and socks, M---and a little bit more,
I'd like to buy you a big go-cart, for one, two, three, or
four,

And I'd have enough to satisfy me, M---and a little bit,
M---and a little bit, M---and a little bit more.

Adam was the first man, that ever was invented.
He lived all alone and he never was contented.
All night long you could hear him moan,
I'm gettin' mighty tired of livin' alone.

Chorus:

Believe the story, believe the story I'm tellin' it to you,
And you betcha life it's true,
It ain't no humbug; it ain't no humbug; it ain't no humbug.
I'm a tellin' to you.

Along came Eve with a basket of fruit,
He winked at her. for she looked so cute.
He took two apples and they both ate one,
And that's just where the trouble begun.

Jonah was a mariner, so goes the Bible tale,
He crossed the rolling ocean on a trans-Atlantic whale,
In the belly of the whale, Jonah felt oppressed,
So Jonah pressed the button and the whale did the rest.

Chorus:

David was a shepherd lad, a wiry little cuss,
Along comes Goliath, looking for a fuss,
David didn't want to fight, but when he saw he must,
He picked up a pebble and he busted in his crust.

Chorus:

Satan was an angel before he went astray,
He came home drunk one night, from a New York cabaret,
Couldn't find the keyhole, so he rang St. Peter's bell,
Old Pete looked out the window and shouted go to H_____.

Chorus:

Sampson was a strong man, so the story goes,
Got himself a job with the Barnum Bailey shows,
But Delilah feared the cooties so she shaved off his dome.
Old Sampson grew his wool again and busted up her home.

Chorus:

BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL

Adam was the first man that ever was invented,
He lived all alone and never was contented
They made him out of mud in days gone by,
And hung him on the fence in the sun to dry.

Chorus--

Young folks, old folks, everybody come,
Join the Baptist Sunday School;
You'll have lots of fun,

Please check your chewing gun and razors at the door,
And you'll hear some Bible stories that you never heard before.

Along came Eve and they had a great battle,
She put him up a tree and he knocked down an apple,
He knocked down two and they each ate one,
And ever since then the trouble has begun.

Along came Noah, stumbling in the dark,
Found himself a hammer and built himself an Ark,
In came the animals two by two,--
The Hipojameramus and the Kil-kangaroo.

In came the elephant, in came the bear,
In came the baboon without any hair;
Forty days and forty nights they sailed upon the pond,
Noah chucked the lioness out because she was a blonde.

Esau was a farmer of rude and hairy make,
His father gave him a farm and help to brother Jake,
But when he found the title to the farm wasn't clear,
He traded it to Jacob for a pretzel and a beer.

David was a shepherd lad, a plucky little cuss,
Along came Goliath, looking for a fuss,
When he found he'd have to fight the man or bust,
He picked up a cobble stone and beat him on the crust.

Jonah was an innigrant as thin as any rail,
He came across the ocean in a trans-Atlantic whale,
When he'd been there three days he began to feel oppressed,
So he pressed on the button and the whale did the rest.

Daniel was a wise man, who wouldn't obey the king,
The king thot this was a very funny thing,
So he threw him in the dungeon and the lions were beneath,
But Daniel was a dentist and he pulled the lion's teeth.

Daniel in the lion's den, looking very sad,
For the lions had eaten all the clothes he ever had;
But he fooled them in the end and it wasn't any bluff,
The lions couldn't eat Daniel because he was too tough.

Samson was a strong man of John L. Sullivan's school
Slew 50,000 Philistines with the jaw-bone of a mule.
When he'd killed every guy that was in sight,
He stepped down to Joe's and proceeded to get tight.

King Solomon was very wise--he ruled his people well;
He wrote a book of proverbs but I guess they didn't sell.
He was a dandy looker and I guess a Sunny Jim
To get the Queen of Sheba to come fussing after him.

Now kind friends, we've given you all the dope,
Given you lots of pleasure and done you lots of good, we hope,
'Twas written by Methusulah when he was but a youth,
We have it from the old boy and it's every word the truth.

His feet lie still in the stoney trail
The dust on his ugly head
I'll pull my pack from his scarred old back
And swear that I am glad he is dead.

He's dead at last old Pedro's dead
And I'm rid of his develtry
But I wish the world didn't somehow seem
So lonesome a place to me.

He loved to sing when I wanted to sleep
With his strenuous hymn of praise
He cut a gash in the quivering air
That wouldn't heal up for days.

Just the same his voice was harsh
He wasn't no nocking bird
To hear his song, I would say it now
Was the sweetest I ever heard.

Here is the place on his battered rump
Where I walloped him with a stone
And here is the place where I raised his bark
With the limb of a dead pinon.

He earned them both, when he stole my flour
And scattered my ruined pack
He earned them both, the onery thief
But I wish I could take them back.

His feet lie still in the stony trail
All ragged around the edge
All broke from hammering up the path
And pounding across the ledge,

Poor patient feet, how many a year
You've traveled these steep highways
You've labored and toiled, for the man you served
A curse and a blow for pay.

He's only a worn out old Jack I say
But this I'd like to know
What is it chokes when I swallow hard
And hurts my buson so

Now isn't it strange, how little and weak
He looks to me as he lies
In the rocky trail, Oh-darn the dust
How it gets in a feller's eyes.

I'll camp to-night in a lonely place
Down on the Trinity
Where the whispering Indian graveyard owls
Will sing in the Firs for me.

How I long for the bray of an old Jack ass
When I hear that Coyote wail
Calling his mate to the waiting feast
High up on the T dot trail.

Good-bye old pard, I wish that you
Could listen and hear me tell
How I regret the million times
I wish't that you were in hell.

But that was never the heart that spoke
Sometimes I believe you knew
And the heavenly fields, old faithful pard
Ain't any too good for you.

When the Work is Done this Fall.

A jolly group of cowboys
Discussing plans at ease
One says I'll tell you something, something if you please.
You see I am a cowboy, dressed in almost rags.
I used to be a wild one and have taken on big jags.

I have a home boys, and a good one you know,
Tho I haven't seen it since long, long years ago.
My mothers heart is breaking, breaking for me that's all
And with God's help I'll see her, when the work is done this
fall.

That very same night this cowboy, he went out on guard,
The night being darkened and storming very hard,
The cattle they got frightened and a wild and mad stampede,
And he in trying to check them, was riding at full speed.

Riding in the darkness, so loudly he did shout,
He was doing his utmost to mill the herd about,
When his saddle horse stumbled and on him did fall,
And he'll not see his mother when the work is done this fall.

They picked him up gently and laid him on his bed,
Poor boy was broke up, they thought that he was dead,
Till he opened up his blue eyes and gazed all around
And motioned to his comrades to sit near him on the ground.

Pete you take my saddle, Joe, you take my bed,
Fred, you take my pistol after I am dead,
Think of me kindly as you gaze upon them all
For I'll not see my mother when the work is done this fall.

"Send her my money boys, my wages that I've earned,
For I am afraid that my last steer I've turned,
I'm going to a new range, I hear my Master's call
And I'll not see my mother when the work is done this fall.

JUANITA.

My Juanita I must leave you
I have come to say farewell
They were standing near a ruin
Where the somber shadows fell.

You will miss me Al-O-Mio
For a day and then forget
In this parting kiss I give you
Juanita your eyes are wet.

Crying-Why my brave Juanita
Do not grieve because I go
I'm not worth it, that's a good girl
"But Senor I love you so."

Love me-Why of course Juanita
And I love you do not grieve
"But Oh Senor if you do love me
You would never, never leave

Don't be angry, Dulce Mio
Now your cheeks like roses glow
And your dark eyes flash like jewels
Fairest maid in Mexico.

I didn't think a mild flirtation
Would leave it's impress on your heart
I return to wed a maiden
Of my country, We must part..

One more kiss, I'll give you fifty
Round her form his arms entwine
They were standing near the ruins
Almost hid by clustering vine

They have parted, now forever
Juanita leaves the place alone
In her eyes no tear drops glisten
From her heart all love has flown

In the morning two vaqueros
Paused to rest there in the shade
For siesta sought the shelter
That the clustering foliage made

Por Dios cried one Vaquero
As he pulled the vines apart
There lay un Americano
With a dagger in his heart.

Tune: My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean

Last night as I lay on the prairie
And looked at the stars in the sky
I wondered if ever a cowboy
Would drift to that sweet bye and bye.

Oh! the road to that bright mistie region
Is a dim narrow trail so they say
While the one that leads down to perdition
Is posted and blazed all the way.

For they tell of another great roundup
When cowboys like doggies will stand
And be cut by the riders of judgement
Who are posted and know every brand.

And I'm afraid there will be many a stray cowboy
Get lost at that great final sale
When he might have gone into green pastures
Had he known of that dim narrow trail.

For they like the cows that are loosed
Stampede at the sight of a hand
Get drug with a rope to the roundup
Or get marked with some crooked man's brand.

For they tell of another great owner
Who's ne'er overstocked so they say
Who can always make room for the cowboy
Who drifts from the straight narrow way.

And I'm afraid that I'll be a stray yearling
A naverick unbranded on high
And get out in the bunch with the rustics
When the boss of the riders go bye

For they say that he never forgets you
That he knows every action and look
So for safety you better get branded
Get your name in the big tally book.

HEART OF THE PRAIRIE, MARY

Out on the wild and wooly prairies, not far from old Pueblo town
There lived a little girl named Mary, blue eyes and tresses
of brown
Unto her side there came a cowboy, He says please name our wedding day
She drooped her head and whispered now boy.
And on the pony they rode away.
They rode away, one summer day.

Pride of the prairie Mary my own
Hop up beside me ride to my home
My hearts been lasooed, no more I'll roam,
Pride of the prairie Mary.

Out on the prairie, day was breaking
And all was silent on the plain,
Unto his Mary he kept saying
"Tell me you love me again"
He held the bronco while she mounted,
He asked her "May I steal a kiss,"
He stole more than she ever counted,
He says, "I love you,"
He whispered this, and stole a kiss.

Pride of the prairie, Mary, my own
Hop up beside me ride to my home
My hearts been lasood, no more I'll roam,
Pride of the prairie, Mary.

JOE MURPHY

I'm an old bachelor Joe Murphy's my name
Living out west on a government claim
Living out west on a government claim
Where theres nothing to lose or nothing to gain
Nothing to eat or nothing to wear
And nothing from nothing my harvest is fair.

Cho. Hurrah for this country the land of the free
Home of the prairie dog, bedbug and fleas.
I'll sing of its praises and tell of its fame
While living out west on a government claim.

Where houses are built from the natural sod
The walls are erect according to hod
The roof it is both natural and flat
And when it rains we are sure to get wet

Cho.

How happy I am to sleep in my bed
While the coyote will howl a tune at my head
The gay centipede all harmless with fear
Crawls over my pillow and down into my ear.

Chol

Farewell you claim holders I hope you all stay
And chew on your hardtack till your toothless and gray
But for myself no longer remain
And starve to death on a government claim
Farewell, you claim holders, farewell to the west,
I'm going back east to the girl I love best,
Going back east to marry me a wife
And live on corn dodgers the rest of my life.

Cho.

TO HELL AND BACK AGAIN

There was a little farmer, who owned a large farm,

Fido-Fi-Diddle-Fi-Dum

There was a little farmer, who owned a large farm, and

he had no stock for to carry it on, with his twice

Fido-Fido-Fi-Diddle-Fi-Dum

So he hitched up a pig the side of a cow

Fido-Fi-Diddle-Fi-Dum

He hitched up a pig the side of a cow, the so! he turned

over, the Devil knows how, with his twice

Fido, Fido, Fi, Diddle, Fi Dum

The Devil come over the field one day,

Fido-Fi-Diddle Fi Dum

The Devil come over the field one day, says one of your

family I must take away with his twice,

Fido, Fido, Fi diddle, Fi dum

Surely then I am done,

Fido, Fi Diddle, Fi dum

Surely then I am done, the devil's come after my oldest son,

with his twice, etc.

It isn't your oldest son I crave, etc.

It isn't your oldest son I crave, but your own dear wife I must take away with his twice, etc.

We'll take her away with all your heart, etc.

We'll take her away with all your heart, and live together and never part, with your twice, etc.

So he shouldered her all upon his back, etc.

So he shouldered her all upon his back, and went off to Hell just clickity clack, with his twice, etc.

He carried her up to old Hell's gate, etc.

He carried her up to old Hell's gate, and she killed two little devils with an old tin plate, with a twick, etc.

He carried her up two stories higher, etc.

He carried her up two stories higher, she pushed three little devils right into the fire, with her twice, etc.

Four little devils came rattling achain etc.

Four little devils came rattling a chain, she jerked off her slipper and knocked out their brain, with her twice, etc.

Two little devils creeped over the wall etc.

Two little devils creeped over the wall, said take her away Papa she'll murder us all, with her twice, etc.

So he shouldered her all upon his back, etc.

So he shouldered her all upon his back, and like an old fool went lugging her back, with his twice, etc.

Surely the women are worse than the men, etc.

Surely the women are worse than the men for they go to Hell and then come back again, with their twice, etc.

